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Joachim Joesten's

TRUTH LETTER

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Editorial: The Liar of the Century - Dick Nixon, and no mistake.

Burke Marshall - Caretaker of the House of Lies

In the current (Feb.1972) issue of "Esquire" magazine, there is a symposium centered on the overall question "Is Edward Kennedy Fit to Be President?" While none of the several articles dealing with the subject - with heavy emphasis on Chappaquiddick - contains anything that is really new or enlightening, the lead story by Burton Hersh, entitled "The Thousand Days of Edward M. Kennedy," at least affords the reader a few glimpses of interest into the murky background of the Ted Kennedy Riddle.

Starting off with a description of Sen. Kennedy's trip to Alaska, in April 1969, Mr. Hersh, who is evidently quite familiar with his subject, at one point writes:

"Returning hop by hop to civilization, the atmosphere bore down more heavily on Kennedy hour by hour. Still loosened up enough to search himself, he talked about his father, his dead brother Joe, examined himself against Joe, dead, and Bobby, dead. 'They're going to shoot my ass off the way they shot off Bobby's,' he kept insisting"...

What is so remarkable about this quote? Certainly not its style, nor its anatomical precision. The truly remarkable thing about it is the use of the word "they." If Kennedy had said "somebody", "some nut" is going to shoot etc., such a remark would just have betrayed a legitimate fear, but little else. His reference to "they", however, clearly indicates that Kennedy is conscious of the fact that neither one of his assassinated brothers was a victim of a lone, demented killer but that they both were eliminated by a powerful organisation which, he felt, was also after himself now. Within a matter of months, he was indeed to feel the sting of that organization. They didn't "shoot his ass off," but they cut short his bid for the presidency by just as effective means, staging the Chappaquiddick "accident".

No less remarkable is another paragraph of the same story which will be found p. 152 of the magazine. Hersh describes the arrival at the Kennedy Compound, the day after the accident, of the "legendary Burke Marshall," the Kennedy clan's top lawyer, in these terms:

"With Marshall's arrival, control slipped irrecoverably out of Kennedy's tremulous hands. Importing Burke Marshall to deal with a motor-vehicle-code violation was tantamount to whipping frosting with the great screw propeller of the Queen Elizabeth. Burke Marshall was heavy legal equipment. He had made his name originally as a standout antitrust lawyer in Washington, accepted Bobby's offer to come into the Justice Department as the Assistant U.S. Attorney General in charge of Civil Rights, and - turning down the deanship of the Yale Law School for the time - had taken employment as the General Counsel and Vice-President of IBM; with him in his attaché case he brought

along a note from Lyndon Johnson that maintained that 'in thirty-three years of service with the Federal Government, the President had never known a person who rendered a better quality of public service.' " (emphasis added - J.J.)

Praise from LBJ is the kiss of death for any decent person. Praise from the Usurper of Dallas for the chief adviser of the Kennedy family is more than that; it is proof of conspiracy and abysmal treachery on the part of Burke Marshall. Unwittingly, Burton Hersh says as much when he adds: "Very few of Bob Kennedy's favorites gleaned recommendations like that from J.F.K's volcanic successor." You can say that again, brother Hersh. Only, instead of "very few" it would be more correct to say "none other." Burke Marshall's performance in winning such fulsome praise from the man who instigated the murders of both John F. and Robert F. Kennedy is unique.

Marshall, who elsewhere in the article is described as having "the best judgment of anybody I know" (as Bob Kennedy is supposed to have said), promptly took charge, at the Hyannisport Compound, of the "motor-vehicle-code violation." Heavy legal equipment though he was, he could think of nothing better than to advise Ted to plead guilty to just such a violation, which any crummy five-buck lawyer could have done. Not that Burke Marshall lacked the brains to grasp immediately that there was behind this "accident" something far different and sinister. Even if Ted Kennedy didn't tell him what it was, Marshall must have sensed it, and so he did what, as a loyal LBJ and CIA stooge, he was supposed to do: he persuaded Ted - if that poor nincompoop needed any persuasion - to plead guilty to a false charge in order to hide the truth about the attack and the murder of Mary Jo Kopechne.

Two and a half years more passed and Burke Marshall, traitor par excellence, had another outstanding opportunity to serve the evil interests he is wedded to and strike another blow at the Truth by allowing, on the strength of his discretionary powers in the matter, that egregious buffoon in scholar's garb, Dr. Lattimer, to pose as the first "independent" physician authorized to inspect the Kennedy autopsy materials at the National Archives and to report to the world, amidst one of the greatest ballyhoos of publicity on record, that therewas "nothing wrong." (see TL, Nov. 1,1972).

Speaking once more - reluctantly - of the Lattimer grotesque, I've just come across the frontpage of the New Orleans States-Item of Jan. 10, 1972, which displays an AP Wirephoto with the legend: "Dr. John K. Lattimer, first private physician given access to autopsy and X-ray pictures of President John F. Kennedy's body, draws a line indicating path of bullet which entered the back of Kennedy's neck and exited from the throat..."

Everything about that picture is the ultimate in buffoonery. Mounted on an easel, there is a large-scale sketch of what is supposed to be the head of John F. Kennedy - a weird, troglodytic shape like no human head ever seen through the ages. And there is the wrinkled, bald-headed jester himself, drawing lines that defy the most elementary common sense. According to him, that bullet entered at the top of the nape and came out through the Adam's apple, after drilling holes in the President's shirt and jacket - see the FBI pictures reproduced in "Inquest" and "Six Seconds in D." - below the shoulder blade! Such nonsense! And Burke Marshall sponsored it.

The Grafter in the White House

The real reason why the Feds are hounding Clifford Irving is that he was going to document in his book that $ 205,000 bribe which the then Vice-President Richard Nixon took from Howard Hughes in 1956. The fact that the Texas billionaire had been greasing the palms of Honest Dick has been known for a long time (remember the sawkishly hypocritical Checkers speech?). Now Irving was all set to tell the world what Nixon had promised Hughes in return for this juicy "loan." That was the unforgivable crime...

How Garrison was Framed
Pershing Gervais: Portrait of a False Friend (ctd. from TL IV, 9)

Continuing the States-Item's candid account of "The long checkered career of one Pershing Gervais," we now come to the circumstances that compelled Garrison to separate his false friend from his office - much to his chagrin at the time:

"A bar owned by Clarence Bielosh had been burglarized in November, 1964. Taken in the act was a safe allegedly containing illegal football 'pool' cards. Former Supt. Giarrusso said at the time that Bielosh stated he had paid $ 600 to someone in Garrison's office to withhold or destroy the cards. Gervais was questioned about the matter with Garrison's permission by the Police Bureau of Investigation and no charges against him were filed."

Wriggling out of charges pending against him is Gervais' speciality, as we have seen before and that uncanny ability marks him like nothing else as a professional stool-pigeon. Gervais wasn't indicted in this self-evident case of graft-taking, but Garrison at last saw the light. To quote from the States-Item again:

"The Bielosh case erupted in an election year for Garrison, however. He defended Gervais strongly in a speech to the Young Men's Business Club on Sept. 8,1965, terming him 'one of the finest men I have ever known.' Nevertheless, Gervais resigned from Garrison's office the next day." Thus, Garrison, a kind-hearted person, let his grafting friend down ever so gently. Gervais, far from showing gratitude, a few years later viciously turned against his former protector. But first, here is another curious episode gleaned from the States-Item story:

"In September, 1967, Gervais was subpoenaed by a federal grand jury looking into allegations that 'certain persons' had attempted to bribe Edward Grady Partin, a Baton Rouge official of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. Subpoenaed with Gervais was Zachary "Red' Strate, a New Orleans builder who had been convicted of conspiracy and fraud along with teamster union President James R. Hoffa. Gervais and Strate, it was revealed, were business associates. But Gervais was never charged with any crime by the grand jury."

Look who is here: Jimmy Hoffa! Fittingly, this arch-rogue was released from the federal penitentiary by order of President Nixon "for humanitarian reasons" in the midst of the federal Misgovernment's offensive against Jim Garrison. To the grafter in the White House (regrettably still unconvicted), the convicted grafter and perjurer Jimmy Hoffa has always been like a brother, united in a common hatred of the Kennedys and of all that is decent in the world.

Strate, then, was an accomplice of Hoffa's and he had been convicted along with him; and Strate and Gervais were "business associates!" This is not a case of "guilt by association." It is a gallery of rogues, stretching from Gervais and Strate to Hoffa and Nixon. No wonder the latter picked Gervais to do the dirty work for him in the frameup of Jim Garrison, the man who had so boldly exposed the real background of the Kennedy assassination - in which Nixon was deeply involved.

One final quote from the States-Item, before we turn to the inner workings of the frameup machinery:

"Before being whisked to a secret foreign destination by Justice Department officials, Gervais, the Feds' star witness against Garrison, had this observation on the goings-on in the Criminal District Courts Building at Tulane and S. Broad Avenues: 'I can't imagine a God existing who could resist the opportunity to get rid of so many bums with one bolt of lightning.'"

In case you missed the point: The Criminal District Courts Building, on which Gervais wished the Lord to discharge an avenging bolt of lightning, is also the official residence of District Attorney Jim Garrison. One would love, indeed, such a bolt to strike, but in a different location. The official residence of Nixon,Hoffa, Strate, Gervais & Co. would be a more fitting place. (to be continued in the next issue)

New Light on the Robert Kennedy Murder Fraud (ctd. from TL IV/9)

A most revealing postscript to the Noguchi affair was written by events early in 1972. On January 5, Donald Angus Stuart, 50, a deputy medical examiner on Coroner Noguchi's staff since July 1, 1968, was arrested in Los Angeles and booked for investigation of perjury. According to a statement released by the office of the L.A. District Attorney, Stuart had neither a medical degree nor a physician's license. An Illinois physician's license Stuart had listed when he applied for the job on the coroner's staff was actually issued to a doctor in 1914, the DA said. And, although Stuart had claimed to have both law and medical degrees from the University of London earned between 1939 and 1946, it was learned that there were not even records of him having attended any classes at the said school.

Specifically, Stuart was charged with felony perjury because in testimony before the Civil Service Commission early in 1969 he had posed "as an expert medical witness when, in fact, he was not." What the statement left unsaid, or at any rate no more than hinted at, was that this perjured testimony of Stuart's concerned the alleged "bizarre" behavior of his boss, Coroner Noguchi. It is apparent from the context that it was mainly on the strength of this false testimony by a phony medical expert that Noguchi had been fired by the Board of Supervisors in March 1969.

Note the tell-tale sequence of events. On June 6, 1968, Dr. Noguchi performed the autopsy on the body of slain Sen. Robert F. Kennedy, which clearly, though not explicitly, indicated that the fatal bullet cannot have come from the revolver of Sirhan. A few days later this man Stuart applies for a job as deputy medical examiner and is accepted on the strength of spurious qualifications; he joins the Coroner's staff on July 1st. Half a year later or so, with the Sirhan trial not yet underway, allegations of "bizarre" conduct (including allegedly voicing hopes for disasters) are raised against Dr. Noguchi. Hearings before the Civil Service Commission follow, at which the Coroner's new aide, D.A. Stuart, testifies against his boss as an "expert medical witness." The upshot of these hearings is that Noguchi is dismissed, even as the Sirhan trial gets under way. Although he is subsequently reinstated, the charges against him having been proved false, he is now under a shadow. At Sirhan's trial, the Coroner is given short shrift, his autopsy report is ignored.

Isn't it obvious, from these circumstances, that Stuart was a "plant", surreptitiously slipped into Dr. Noguchi's staff for the specific purpose of discrediting the Coroner whose autopsy report had proved so embarrassing to the officials peddling a totally inaccurate version of the Robert Kennedy assassination? Who was responsible for that plant? The statement concerning Stuart's arrest contains an interesting hint in the matter. It says that Stuart, before applying for the job in Los Angeles, had practiced medicine (without a license) in Freeport, Bahamas, and in Florida (no specific location given), among other places. Florida, in particular the Miami area, and the Bahamas are notorious hunting-grounds of the CIA which is also very much adept in forging documents, including academic degrees. Indications are, therefore, that Stuart is a CIA agent and was dispatched by the Agency to Los Angeles, with a bagful of phony documents purporting to show that he was an expert medical witness, for the specific purpose of helping to eliminate Dr. Noguchi in time for the planned rigging of the Sirhan trial.

Why would the CIA want to do such a thing? To anyone who has followed the true story of the Robert Kennedy murder fraud, as exposed in these pages, the answer must be self-evident. That assassination was a CIA job, just as the killing of President John F. Kennedy had been. The CIA, therefore, had an overriding interest in preserving the coverup against any outside interference. That's why Dr. Noguchi, whose autopsy report threatened to ruin the whole cover story, had to be discredited and forced out of his job at all costs. They tried hard and nearly succeeded, but the doughty little Japanese got the better of them. And now it's their stooge Stuart who is on trial. Three cheers for Dr. Noguchi!

(to be continued in the next issue)